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TO THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.



A private citizen, a native of Virginia, now in the sixty-fifth year of his age; neither holding, nor desiring to hold, any office in the gift of the President: solicitous for the prosperity of his *country*, and utterly despising *party dictation* and *caucus tyranny*, has taken upon himself, unknown to and unaided by any one, the trouble of collecting and publishing at his own expense, and for the sole benefit of his fellow-citizens, authentic proof of the corruption which a Senator of the United States has lately proclaimed from his seat in the Senate Chamber, to have been for years past practised, and is now in force.

In the Senate of the United States, on the 13th of February, 1847, Mr. Westcott said: "I warn the democracy of this country, the people of this country, that they do not know one-twentieth part of the corruption, the feculent corruption in this respect in this government for years past. I tell the people of this country that the government and institutions of this country have been, and will be used as a machine to plunder them for office beggars, and to perpetuate the possession of political power. I solemnly believe, if the people of the United States knew the manner in which their government was conducted, if they could be all assembled at the City of Washington, they would be excited to kick up a revolution in twenty-four hours, which would tumble the President, Heads of Departments, both Houses of Congress, Democrats and Whigs, heels over head into the Potomac; and I believe they would be right in so doing."

In the National Intelligencer of the 3d of April, 1845, Mr. John Quincy Adams charges the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in the House of Representatives, with *falsifying a record*, for the purpose of subjecting the government to the payment of seventy thousand dollars. He calls on each member of the committee by name, to deny his participation in the fraud. The committee are silent, and it is the general belief, that "*silence gives consent*."

Mr. Legare, in a speech delivered by him in New York in 1839, said: "There is not among the most odious maxims of Machiavelism a sentence so replete with cold-blooded, and accursed wickedness—more utterly inconsistent with the dignity of government, or the obligations of the social state, than that which has been ascribed to a person who has held a high office in New York, (Governor Marcy,) 'to the victors belong the spoils.' In no collection of the data of systematic malignity in the record of the ravings of those bold bad men who have regularly trampled on their fellow-citizens as if they were their predestined dupes and slaves, is there a sentence more infamous than this which represents the powers and dignities, and trusts of a great nation, as plunder and booty, to be won as by a camp of bandits, or a crew of pirates."

During the administration of Mr. Tyler, the Postmaster at Petersburg resigned, and the Collector died. Their places were given to men who are not only "the noblest work of God," but well qualified to perform their public duties; respected and esteemed by all who know them. *But!* "To the victors belong the spoils." These men are turned out to reward

two friends of "Old Cogniac," Mr. Polk's Lieutenant General in the Third Congressional District.

The "person" who uttered the sentence "so replete with cold-blooded and accursed wickedness," is one of Mr. Polk's confidential advisers.

The Postmaster-General, who has transferred to the Hon. A. A. Chapman the distribution of the "spoils" in his district, is another of Mr. Polk's confidential advisers.

Mr. Wise, in a speech delivered by him in the House of Representatives on the 17th of February, 1837, said: "The people of this country know not the mammoth power at work against their liberties; how secret and insidious, and sometimes bold and open, is the tyrannical power which is now sapping the very first principles of free government. If, however, I can merely put the public mind upon the inquiry; upon search; upon investigation; I shall be content. I shall have done a patriot's work, and shall meet a patriot's reward—not office, sir, not loaves and fishes, not the spoils of your treasury, but the spontaneous approbation of a free people." On the 14th of October, 1837, after some congratulatory remarks on the defeat of the administration in the rejection of the Sub-Treasury bill, he commented with severity on the expenditure of the public money on the agency of Mr. Rush, at London, and argued to show that, including every thing, it was costing the United States about \$14,000 a year. This agency was for obtaining the Smithsonian legacy of more than half a million of dollars, which was paid in gold, which gold was converted into *Arkansas paper*, not worth twenty-five cents in the dollar, of which neither interest nor principal has been paid, and probably never will be paid, the State being now bankrupt. The United States are now paying this *State debt*.

The following statement is taken from House Document No. 30, 2d Session of the 27th Congress.

STATIONERY USED BY THE 27TH CONGRESS.

3,079 reams of Envelop Paper, cost	-	-	-	-	\$12,603 25
3,610 reams of Quarto Post Paper,	-	-	-	-	21,059 25
2,316 reams of Foolscap Paper, -	-	-	-	-	9,951 25
172 reams of Note Paper, -	-	-	-	-	1,559 50
493 gross of Steel Pens, -	-	-	-	-	4,596 39
83,700 Quills, -	-	-	-	-	3,953 12
Paid for Making Pens, -	-	-	-	-	448 00
For Sealing Wax, -	-	-	-	-	3,936 62
For Tape, -	-	-	-	-	2,739 30
One hundred and six dozen Pen Knives, -	-	-	-	-	2,602 00
For Wafers, -	-	-	-	-	1,332 00
For fifteen barrels of Ink, -	-	-	-	-	528 50
Inkstands, -	-	-	-	-	921 00
Seals, -	-	-	-	-	1,080 00
Pencils, -	-	-	-	-	562 00
Folders, -	-	-	-	-	615 00
Twine, -	-	-	-	-	312 72
Eleven hundred and ninety-seven memorandum books,					746 87
Total, -	-	-	-	-	<u>\$69,514 78</u>

Divided among two hundred and forty-two members, gives to each member \$287 25 for stationery, for one session.

Extract from a speech delivered by Henry A. Wise, in the House of Representatives, on the 13th of November, 1836:

“If it be true, as we are told, and I do not say that it is not true, that the President has made, and unmade, men in office; has proscribed the faithful; has corrupted the pure; has humbled and dismayed the Senate; has made the House of Representatives servile and dependent; has seized and squandered the public money; has deranged the currency and endangered every man's estate; has controlled elections; has assumed royal prerogatives, and made himself a king, and a king his successor; and if it be also true, which I utterly deny, that the people have sanctioned all this exercise of absolute power; I ask gentlemen of all parties, even those who claim to be keepers of the king's conscience, if this does not prove one virtue, the virtue of constancy, at least, in the people.—Gentlemen will pardon me when I say, I mean nothing disrespectful to the President. I say, they know it is due to candor and truth to say, it is, what it is, *because it is not the message of Andrew Jackson*. They know that immediately upon the adjournment of the last session of Congress, the President and his prime ministers dispersed from their duties at the seat of Government: He of State, bore despatches to Georgia, and the “old chief” himself was lugged along through Western Virginia, over

Ruts and ridges,
And bridges
Made of planks,
Open in ranks,

To Tennessee and Alabama. It is a pity, sir, that more of the people had not witnessed the executive electioneering tour; for then, perhaps, more of the States would have followed the example of Georgia and Tennessee, neither of which could be seduced or intimidated into the support of ‘the man’—a Tennessee toast said, ‘the dog,’ ‘as well as the master.’ I am told that they carried him about like a lion for show, and made him roar like a lion. They had catechisms prepared for him, and the negotiations of the mission were conducted by preconcerted questions and answers.

“A crowd would collect on the highway, or in a bar-room, no matter which, and some ‘village politician’ of ‘the party’ would inquire, What think you, General, of such a man? In a loud tone, much too stentorian for those lungs which are now lacerated, the answer rung, ‘He is a traitor, sir.’ ‘There, there,’ repeated the demagogues to the crowd, ‘did you not hear that.’ What think you of another, General? ‘He is a liar, sir.’ What of another? ‘He is a black cockade federalist.’ Of another? ‘He made a speech for which he paid a stenographer five dollars.’ And another? ‘Was of no account, sir, and ought to be sent home, and have his place supplied by a more efficient man.’ And another? ‘Was upon the fence; upon the fence.’ But, General, what think you of Mr. Reuben M. Whitney? ‘There is no just cause of complaint against Mr. Whitney, sir; he is as true a patriot as ever was; they are all liars who accuse him aught wrong, and the official documents prove them to be so.’ All the while these responses were repeated by the deacons of the service, and the people were collected to give heed to them. *What is it!* The *worst* as well as the last annual message which Andrew Jackson ever *wrote*, I had like to have said ever *sent* to both Houses of Congress. Its vanity and egotism—its profane hypocrisy and solemn mockery of the good man's supplication to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe—its sophistical nonsense, showing its duplicity to a foreign pow-

er, and concealing its real policy from ourselves—its low, and ad captandum arguments, addressed to all the prejudices of ignorance and passion, to justify the most shameless attacks upon the currency, for the vile purposes of licensed depredators on the public lands—its glaring falsehoods as to the most important facts of trade, currency, banks of deposit and finance—its electioneering, continually harping upon an institution dead in fact, and thrice wounded since dead—its oft repeated homily against one good bank, and its unblushing recommendation in the same breath, of nearly half an hundred bad and irresponsible banks—its dangerous attempts to reconcile glaring inconsistencies of the President, on the deposit and distribution measures—its pitiful apologies for the disgrace of our arms by Osceola—its bold recommendation of an increase of the standing army—its unjust attempt to cast censure, due to the errors and blunders of the administration, upon the shoulders of an innocent State officer; then calling for an appropriation to repair these same errors, which it says were not those of the government—its false claim to a national policy founded in *humanity* to the Indians.

“Its reiterated jesuitical recommendation of an amendment of the Constitution, as to the election of President, which was never meant to be carried into effect by ‘the party,’ or to be any thing more than to prejudice the people against an election by the House—its impudent boast of the intelligence of the *successor*, whom executive patronage and dictation have succeeded in electing. It is because this last annual message comes to us reeking with the fumes of the kitchen cabinet that it is what it is.”

It will not be denied (even by Mr. Ritchie) that General Jackson was in Richmond in 1807 as the friend of Aaron Burr, and the enemy of Gen. Wilkinson, who exposed Burr's treason. There are now living, men of undoubted truth, who heard Gen. Jackson say in Richmond, in 1807, that Wilkinson was a Spanish pensioner, and dare not show his face in Richmond. Mr. Ritchie said (in an editorial) that the polluted tongue of Federalism had dared to say that Gen. Wilkinson would not come to Richmond. That tongue was in Andrew Jackson's mouth. The record of Burr's trial shows that Samuel Swartwout was one of Burr's men, and aiding in his treason. General Jackson was the patron and friend of Samuel Swartwout, and bestowed on him that portion of “the spoils” which appertained to the office of Collector in the City of New York. The records in the Treasury Department show that Swartwout, Price, and others, after deducting all that was legally and equitably due to them, appropriated to their own individual uses two millions of dollars belonging to the government.

Fellow-citizens, has not Mr. Westcott told the truth! I believe he has; but I would not inflict the punishment which he thinks is justly due. I would have you give notice to your “head man” that you intend to dismiss him when his time is up, and turn out all the “understrappers” *now*, who have aided the President in executing the sentence, “so replete with cold-blooded and accursed wickedness, so utterly inconsistent with the dignity of government, or the obligations of the social state. In no collection of the data of systematic malignity in the record of the ravings of those bold bad men who have regularly trampled on their fellow-citizens as if they were predestined dupes and slaves, is there a sentence more infamous than this, which represents the powers, and dignities, and trusts of a great nation, as plunder and booty, to be won as by a camp of bandits, or a crew of pirates.” These are the *words* of Hugh Swinton Legare—a Democrat, *honest and true*.



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